

Somebody Fix Me

Grace Potter

Friday night I started my first fist fight
Got me kicked out of the bar
When I went stumbling through
The parking lot, you know

I could not find my car
So I bummed a ride from Bessie
My old school friend
She said, "Honey, where you want to go?"

But all I said is, "I think this might be the end
And I'm feeling sick so could you drive me slow?"
Because my man he up and left me, left me in dust
Doctor, lawyer, banker, tell me who can I trust?

Somebody fix me
Fix me from head to toe
You'd better drop a line
Or else you're leaving me out in cold

That man of mine he sure was one of a kind
He never did treat me wrong
He was the sweet kind of man
Who kept me straight in line

But now he's got me singing this low-down song
Now I ain't got nobody 'round
To come and help me get well
When all I do is drink and cry

Preacher man said
"Baby, why don't you help yourself?"
But I'm too low-down to even try
I've drank up all my brandy, finished all my wine
I need your love candy, make me feel just fine

I was a real good girl for most of my early life
I figured someday I'd make some man a real good wife
I always washed my knickers, pressed my blue, blue jeans
I've got no idea how I got so mean

Now my man he up and left me, left me in the dust
Doctor, lawyer, banker, tell me who can I trust?